white picket fence dreams

bwow

white picket fence dreams by bwow

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Summary:

The tap against his window makes him flinch so hard he falls out of his bed, sheets wrapped around him. He looks up, breath shaking, and sees Richie Tozier at his window, phone clutched in one hand and.

“You’re not wearing any pants.” He chokes out as soon as he opens the windows. Richie clambers through, falling onto Stan’s bed, completely unconcerned with his lack of clothing. His shirt proudly proclaims: I Rode The Cyclone Without Hurling. His boxers are Spider-Man patterned.

“Oh yeah, sorry. Was aiming for your mom’s window.”

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Author's Note:

or: stanley heals, just a little.

Somehow, Stanley reflects, a killer clown who was secretly abducting kids (or rather, the absence of) could change a lot about someone's day to day routine. Things are a little quieter, but a little louder all the same. There's still a curfew, still the looming threats of the stragglers left in the gang that Bowers used to lead, still the staticky dullness of being in a town that somehow, didn't feel real. But now there was the dawning realization of what next, what happens after you realize you aren't going to die.

Stanley remembers a day a few sticky summers ago, in Bill's room, when there was still a little boy with a rain slicker in the room over and still warm looks from parents now long cold. It was just Stanley, Richie, and Bill (Eddie had tripped over a rock and, amid the shrieks from his mother and the attempted apologies from the other boys, been sent to the emergency room). Richie and Bill had long given up on trying to focus on their thin notebooks and half dull pencils, and were attempting to build a tower with only the things in Bill's room. Stanley, still holding his pen limply in his hand, was watching quietly from atop Bill's bed. Almost in slow motion, he watched Richie, lip caught under his two front teeth, attempt to shift one of the books at the base.

The tower, predictably, falls, and quite a few loose books, erasers, and pencil cases hit Richie on the way down. Stanley loses his shit, hiccuping out little half wheezes of laughter as he watches Richie adjust his glasses, pulling the books off of his body. Bill, chuckling, kicks Richie halfheartedly from where he's sprawled out on the floor.

“ Y-you screw-you screwed it up!” Richie shrugged, an easy, loose motion, and his head lolls on his shoulders to look at Stanley, who is still chuckling.
“ Hey Stan! That tower dropped faster than your mom’s panties last night, huh?” Stan tosses his eraser at him.

It’s a lot like that, Stanley muses. You take out a piece and everything flips.

***

Stanley stops looking people in the eye. His vision shakes, his mouth feels dry, until he finally drops his gaze and stares a little over their shoulder, or at the top of their eyebrow, or down at their feet. For most people, it’s fine. Adults take it has a sign of respect, the quiet, polite Jewish boy who is just so nice, isn’t he, Deborah? His hands shake, and he squeezes them between his knees.

His friends all take it differently. Bill and Ben give him almost identical looks of concern when he does it the first few times, but eventually drop it when it becomes obvious he doesn’t want to talk. (Even if he did, he doesn’t think he can explain it.) Bill’s eyes still stay on him for a few seconds too long sometimes, though. Eddie notices, but he just recommends a type of eyedrops. Bev just takes it. She understands in a different way, probably because she gets it (because they both saw them, the lights, the emptiness, the draining, something close enough to dying). She doesn't try to catch his gaze, just talks about stuff like it’s just normal.

Richie and Mike are different. Mike takes him aside and tells him that it's fine, we get it, it’s okay to not feel safe anymore. Stanley stares at Mike’s left shoe, where the laces aren’t tied tightly enough, and nods, teeth clenching. Mike squeezes his shoulder and that’s that. Stanley

appreciates that, the quiet, strong support.

Richie pulls a few jokes (“What’s wrong, Stan the Man? Can’t look the guy who did your mom in the eye?”) but he doesn’t pester with any questions or concerns.

(Richie does, however, take up a habit of pulling one of Stan’s shaking hands into his own, linking fingers, stroking knuckles, until the shaking slows. Whenever he does this, Richie continues to stare straight ahead, chattering on and on. Neither of them speak about it.)

He also, as the dreams get worse and the paranoia grows, begins to pick at his cuticles, the skin around his fingers. Dead eyed stare, filed nails pulling, mouth in a tight line. At night, he winds band aids (not the dorky superhero themed ones Richie has, but plain brown) around his fingers with the precision of someone who has done it many times before. No one comments on these.

Stanley decides it’s simultaneously easier and harder to break down in a group full of people who are doing the same thing.

***

It’s one of those rare days in the next summer where almost everyone is busy. Beverly and Mike are attending an art class, Bill is out with his parents, Ben and Eddie are working on summer homework, even though it’s early June. Richie and Stan hang out at the quarry, talking and messing around until the sun gets low in the sky.

The faint strains of the sunset reflecting of the water are disrupted as

Richie lobs a stone into the river, not even trying to skip it. Stan watches from his cross legged perch on the boulder nearby.

"-and then the cashier eventually told me to leave 'cause I was being ' disruptive'. Who calls that *disruptive?!* I knocked over one person!" Richie huffs, and rolls his head back to look at Stan, who is struck with deja vu (something with a sun lit room, and Richie's lazy grin).

"-and that's just bullshit! And then I said-"

"Richie," Stan cuts across him, uncrossing his legs, brushing off his shorts. "What are you going to do when you leave?"

Richie slowly blinks, eyelashes magnified by the lenses of his ridiculous glasses. Stan's breath catches, just for a moment. Weird.

"Leave what? Your mother's bed? Unlikely, she's-" Richie's grin spills across his face. Stan studies the freckles on his nose, his cheeks.

Stan snorts. "No, I mean this." He waves a hand around. " This town. *Derry*. All of this."

Richie turns around all the way, grin still plastered on. "Duh. I'll become a radio host, and *you'll* be a professional bird watcher, and we'll get an ugly, badly decorated apartment with a dog, and you and I will someday make our way the the American, white picket fence dream." Stan's mouth goes a little dry.

“ I asked about you,” Stan swallows a little, voice cracking on the last syllables. “Not me.” Richie stands up, brushing off dirt from his shorts. He’s illuminated by the yellow gold light from the sunset, outlines of his hair becoming a halo, and Stan feels a little dazed. That’s weird too. Richie places a hand on either side of Stan, leaning into his personal space. Stan leans back, away from Richie’s cheesy smirk and brown eyes and long lashes and freckles.

“ Stan the man, you really think I’m going anywhere without you?” Richie’s nose is only a few inches away from his own. “ ‘Cause no offense, but you’re like, eighty nine percent of my impulse control.”

Stan swallows, and shoves Richie away a little, hands grasping his shoulders. He doesn’t let go, band aid fingers grasping the sleeves of Richie’s ugly peach tee. “What if I don’t want to go with you?” He’s half joking, but he can hear a little pathetic fear in his words.

(do you really want me there am i really so important that you’ve built your future with me there)

Richie snorts, grabbing Stan’s forearms so they’re locked in a weird, arms locked circle. “ Don’t lie. We all know I’m irresistible.” His voice drops into the I’m Being Very Serious Voice. A little lower, a little more clear than his usual one. Stan only remembers it being used in dark sewers (i’m sorry, i’m sorry, i would never leave you), from outside and hearing from inside dusty rooms (richie it’s not real!), and he wonders which Richie he’s talking to.

“ Stan, you think I’d go anywhere without you?” Richie laughs a little, hands tightening a little around Stan’s arms. His fingers have a few bandaids where he’s tripped and skinned his hands, or where he nervously chews his nails.

(hands pushing down, he’s struggling, his face hurts, you left me, you left me)

Stan's face burns, and he doesn't take time to wonder if it's the hot sun, still dipping lower, or the proximity to the dumbass in smudged glasses. He pushes Richie hard, and he goes toppling into the river, shorts soaked and covered in mud. Richie blinks, and bursts into cackles, rubbing mud off of his face with one hand. Stan swallows and mimics the action, hand pressed against his own burning cheek.

Richie flings some mud at him and he shrieks, scurrying back. *"Richie!"*

***

Stanley doesn't get nightmares often. You can't have bad dreams if you can't sleep.

He stares at the wall across from his bed, shadows clawing their way into his vision, creaks in the house structure make him flinch. He practices a few sleeping exercises, the kind that Eddie talks about. Jaw relaxed, breath in, out, relax your brow, etc. In a few minutes he's slipped into an uneasy, light sleep.

His dreams are detached and nonsensical.

Bill and Georgie, standing on top of the tower in Bill's room. Georgie falls; Bill screams and tries to grab him but Georgie's gone gone gone. Richie, standing in the river, hair dripping. Clutching a wrinkled piece of paper. that's my hair my face my clothes my age my weight it says im missing why does it say im missing. Stanley vaguely remembers, in his dreamlike haze, hearing this from outside--outside the--

The dream twists, and he's standing in front of a house rotting from the outside. He's alone, and something grabs him from behind, and teeth clamp down, he's struggling, he's crying, something pushes him down and his face hurts fuck fuck fuck someone they left me!

The teeth move aside to reveal glowing lights, and he feels something pulling, feels horribly empty and--

Stanley jolts awake, tears and sweat streaked along his cheeks. He slaps one hand to his face and only feels the healed scarring along his

cheek, barely noticeable anymore. His other hand scrabbles for the phone charging on his bedside desk. In his haste, he rips out the cord from the wall, and the clatter makes him jump.

His hands shake as he texts, tears blurring the words.

stan: Help

There's no reply, and Stanley drops the phone and curls up, choking on tears and snot and fear. He doesn't know how long he stays like that, legs twisted in sheets and heart throbbing.

(teeth teeth teeth it was the lady in the painting georgie's raincoat bill was crying and eddie was screaming mike mike mike the sewers led me to nowhere and they left me richie is yelling and mike is hurt and bottle glass bloody hands)

The tap against his window makes him flinch so hard he falls out of his bed, sheets wrapped around him. He looks up, breath shaking, and sees Richie Tozier at his window, phone clutched in one hand and.

"You're not wearing any pants." He chokes out as soon as he opens the windows. Richie clambers through, falling onto Stan's bed, completely unconcerned with his lack of clothing. His shirt proudly proclaims: I Rode The Cyclone Without Hurling. His boxers are Spider-Man patterned.

"Oh yeah, sorry. Was aiming for your mom's window." Richie holds up his phone, and the brightness hurts Stan's eyes. Was he trying to signal a damn plane? "Got your text."

His hands find Stan's, which are still quivering. Fingers locked, stroking knuckles. The familiar gesture helps Stan breathe a little better. He exhales, staring at Richie's crossed legs. Pale and skinny, knees red. " Why do we only hold hands when I'm scared?" Mumbling, mouth dry.

He freezes almost immediately. He'd broken a rule: don't talk about the hand holding. An unspoken rule, yeah, but he'd assumed he and Richie had an agreement: we never mention it, and one day we die. "

I mean- why do you--" He rips his hands back, floundering. His head is down, and he can't see Richie's face. Richie is quiet for seven long, heavy seconds.

" I dunno." Richie's hands find his again. His thumb brushes circles onto Stan's palms.

They don't talk after that. Richie falls asleep, and Stan does too, after gazing at Richie's dumb face and his dumb freckles and feeling, for a bit, peaceful.

***

The day, watching Richie, half awake and mumbling, stumble out of bed, Stan figures out that he is totally, utterly, fucked. Richie keeps holding his hand.

***

Richie keeps coming over whenever Stan texts, and sometimes when he doesn't. Sometimes it's for Stan, other time's it's for Richie. There is little talking involved, only moonlight and hand holding and sometimes, crying. Richie cries hard but quietly, sobs muffled by his hands or Stan's shoulder. Stan takes off his glasses for him, and they lay there until they fall asleep. During the day, nothing much changes, but the other losers can sense something has shifted. The wind has changed directions.

***

Stan and Beverly are sitting outside the diner where Richie works, sprawled on the bench (well, in Beverly's case). Stan sits straight, reading a book on top of his crossed legs. Beverly is smoking, breathing clouds in lazy breaths. Her hair, still cropped, drops into her eyes, and she flicks it away. They sit in comfortable silence until Beverly decides that yeah, it's time to drop some truth bombs.

" Stan." Her voice is casual, but Stan looks up nervously. Beverly has that kind of commanding presence; she's kind and gentle and never expects much of anyone, but you simply have to look at her. Moths drawn to flame.

“ What’s up with you and Rich?” She turns a bit, cigarette still dangling limply, brow furrowed. He swallows.
“ What do you mean?” Casual tone. Or it would be, if his voice doesn’t crack halfway through. That’s a quality that’s stuck pretty hard, unlike Bill’s barely lingering stutter. Beverly cocks an eyebrow, dropping the cigarette.

“You know what I mean. I--” She stretches her arms above her head, and exhales, kicking her legs in front of her. The epitome of relaxed, casual teenager. Her jacket has roses embroidered on it, and Stan stares at them, because eye contact is a bitch. “I just wanna know what you’re planning to do about you two. To be honest, you two are in deep shit. ‘Cau-cause if no one steps in, you two will bottle it up until you die.” She jabs a finger at Stan, who faintly notes that her nails are painted blue. The nail on her pointer finger is chipped. He coughs into his fist, glancing through the smudged window to see Richie, chattering to a customer, who looks like his soul is being sucked into a deep void. Richie catches his eye and grins, flashing a thumbs up.

He smiles weakly and turns back to Beverly, who is eyeing him, unimpressed.
“ How about this,” he offers,” one day, when I’m lying on my deathbed, I’ll let Richie know that I’ve been harboring secret romantic passions for him. Then I can die in peace and you can take shots off of my corpse.”

Beverly snorts. “ Sure. How’s that gonna go, Staniel? ‘ Oh yeah, Richard, I’ve been deeply in love with you for years. Somehow, your dumb ass didn’t notice, even though I’m wearing your clothes right now.’” Stan flushes, because he is in fact, wearing Richie’s hoodie. It’s ugly as shit, neon pink and striped in yellow, but he was cold, thank you very much. Bev socks him in the arm, not hard enough to hurt.

“ Get your shit together, Stanilliam. Who the hell let you be a complex, emotional kid, anyway?”

“ Bev!” Richie stumbles out of the door, in all of his rumpled-clothes-glasses-askew-and-smudged glory. “ Don’t be silly, my dear. If Stan the Man didn’t have emotions, he wouldn’t be able to love and support his friends.”

“ Fuck, true.”

As they walk to Bev’s car in the parking lot, Stan impulsively grabs Richie’s dirty, fingerprinted glasses and pulls them off. He wipes them on his hoodie (Richie’s hoodie? At this point, he isn’t sure where his stuff starts and Richie’s ends) and places them back on Richie’s face. Richie. Who looks a little shell shocked.

Stan manages a grumbled, “Keep your glasses clean, Tozier.”, before slipping into the front passenger seat. Bev mouths, *Nice*, as she clambers in.

***

stan: Listen I’m just Saying

stan: That won’t Work he’d Definitely notice

a b(everley)abe: why the fuck do u type like tht

stan: my Phone is Broken Beverly

a b(everly)abe: oh MOOD

stan: Anyway what I’m saying Is

stan: i Don’t Want to be Over the top!

a b(everly)abe: at the rate you 2 are going you’ll accidently spit it out, flip shit, change
your name, and move to asia

stan: That Actually sounds Good I’m not in Chinese classes for Nothing

a b(everly)abe: look stan just get him in private n tell him!!!!

stan: oh Yeah I’ll just Tell Him that I Really Like HIm out of the Blue like That

stan: Look bill’s english Classmate is having that Dumb Get together next Week right

stan: which i Assume is Code for Underage drinking and Bad music

stan: i'll just Test the Waters

a b(everly): what the fuck

a b(everly)abe: richie isnt a fucking pond

a b(everly)abe: he has the emotional depth of a puddle

stan: maybe I Find That attractive Bev

***

Less than ten minutes after showing up, Stan wanted to leave and drive a car off a cliff.

He attempts to brave the people all pressed inside, but after three drunken flirting attempts and listening two songs that made him want to slam his face into the ugly wallpaper decorating the house, he looks for Richie. After seeing him sprawled out on the badly chosen couch, surrounded by people, laughing and joking, he decides to stick to sitting outside, on the back porch, like a sad, middle aged man going through his midlife crisis. The term "world's smallest adult" has never fit more.

How would I even fit in to his future plans, anyway? Richie's going to end up successful and happy and I'll be...dead, or something. How would I die, though? What is death? Do people make sure you're dead? What if they make a mistake? What if one day you wake up in your own coffin? What if this life is just a stage? What if?

He's sitting there, enjoying his spiral into dissociation, when a pair of sneakers stop by his step. Left shoe slightly untied. It's Mike "Prince Charming" Hanlon (as he was so cleverly nicknamed by Bev). Stan mumbles a greeting, keeping his eyes on the dewy, sparsely grown grass. Mike drops down to sit next to him.

"Richie problems?" Mike says, nudging him with his shoulder. Stan groans, dropping his head down. "Since when did it become 'Richie problems', and not, regular screwed up problems?"

Mike snorts, pulling at one of his laces. “At this point, I think every problem is a Richie problem.” Stan exhales out a shaky laugh, and pushes his hair away from his face. The music booms in the background, disturbing the quiet peace of the night outside.

“You wanna talk about it?” Mike doesn’t try to make eye contact, opting to stare straight ahead.

“ I--no.” What would he even say? ‘Sorry, just wondering if I’m really deserving of love! Ha ha, fucking life, right?’

(where the hell do i even fit in with richie? I’m not even capable of looking after myself richie has to do that for me)

“Okay.” And in true Mike Hanlon fashion, he places a hand on Stan’s shoulder. “Don’t worry. You’re doing great.”

Stan manages to look him in the eye, and smiles.

***
a b(everly)abe: how did the water testing go

stan: mike hanlon is the best person ever

a b(everly)abe: ccan’t argue with that
***
One by one, the band aids disappear from Stan’s fingers. He sleeps better, not that it stops Richie from coming through his window. (“ C’mon Stanley! It’s hangout time!”)

On one such night, Stanley and Richie are lying on the floor, listening to music through Richie’s earbuds and Stanley’s phone. Richie hums absentmindedly, playing with the cord, wrapping around his wrist, pulling it between his fingers. Stanley watches, engrossed in the simple actions. Richie’s fingers have a few rings, glow in the dark ones from the arcade, cheap plastic ones from restaurants, one Stan made out of a twisty tie and extra beads from a craft set.

“You have nice hands.” He exhales, and almost immediately wants to hurl himself through the window. Richie looks at him, eyes wide and grin forming.

“Is that sentence gonna end with ‘ but they’d look better wrapped around--’”

“Richie, no!” He pushes Richie’s face away with his hand, and Richie laughs and grabs it. Stan jolts, just a little. His fingers brush over Richie’s rings.

And then there they are again, holding hands. But this time, they’re looking at each other. Stan tries to memorize every inch of Richie’s face, but he already knows it so well. Freckles splashed over cheeks and nose, eyes brown and big, smile half lopsided and teeth uneven. Stan spots the pinkish tinge on his face, just barely there.

The floor is hard and uncomfortable, but it’s all fine. They breathe in and out. No one speaks until Stan’s parents come back. Richie greets them in true trashmouth fashion, with a steadily worsening British accent (“It’s my butler voice!”). They keep their pinkies linked at dinner, just under the table.

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message from stan to a b(everly)abe and micycle

stan: Mission abort Guys i cant Do This

a b(everly)abe: dont pussy out on this now stan

micycle: you can’t give up!!!!

stan: there’s literally No way I can do This He probably Doesn’t Even like me!

a b(everly)abe: shush we’ll see what happens

***

Richie is a touchy-feely kind of person. He’s got long legs and long arms and he just has to be sprawled out on someone. On his stomach on Bev’s lap, arm slung around Bill’s shoulders, legs propped up on Mike’s lap, shoulder to shoulder with Ben. So Stan really shouldn’t be surprised when he feels Richie throw his arms around Stan, leaning his body against Stan’s back.

Unfortunately, the minute Richie's arms lock around his shoulders, Stanley Uris's life flashes before him, his face feels like it's been blowtorched, and his stomach decides to audition for the Olympic Gymnastics.
Which is honestly, ridiculous, because he and Richie have slept together. Not "slept together", but they had slept in the same bed. There wasn't any cuddling, or excessive touching, but fuck, they had cried into each other's arms! You'd think there'd be some point where a hug wouldn't make his body internally combust.

He's so busy trying to get his mind back to functioning order he misses half of the ongoing conversation. "--right Stan? You agree with me!" Richie's voice is right next to his ear, and he jolts and blinks a few times to realign himself. Right. Bev's living room. Yellow couch. Late in the day. Richie is only a few inches away from prime headlock position.

"What?" He tries to turn his head, but settles to just look straight ahead. No need for accidental contact. Richie sighs, and it tickles Stan's ear. Richie's hair is also ticking his neck, his dumb curly-wavy hair.

Richie huffs impatiently, adjusting his grip. " I asked whether or not it's appropriate to put eighties music on your sex playlist! 'Cause Ben says it's fine, and Bill says that 'no, no one wants to get it on to cheesy music', and I said yes, and I'm your favorite next to Mike so I know you'll agree with me!" He smiles blindingly, and Stan glares.

"Why are we discussing sex playlists?!" He whips his head around to glare at the rest of his friends, who shrug. Bill just gestures to the boy sprawled out on Stan's back.

" Richie brought it up."

" Yeah, it was really all him."

Richie throws himself forward, which hurts Stan's back. "Listen! Eighties music is a fucking banger!" His cheek is half pressed to Stan's, and out of the corner of his eye, he sees Beverly smirk at him. " Stanley! Don't tell me you wouldn't want to bang to some fucking incredible eighties hits!" Stan half struggles to get out of Richie's

koala bear grip, but he holds on tightly.

Stanley tries to pull the arms locked around his neck away. “I don’t spend my time thinking about the soundtrack to my sex tape twenty four seven! That's a *you* thing!” Richie presses his face to Stan’s, cheek to cheek. The rest of the losers watch in amusement. Mike high fives Bev, behind their backs. Richie bats his eyelashes in an imitation of some actress, pouting.

He puts on a high pitched, sweet voice.“Stanley, sweetie, it’s a collaborative effort! You mean our sex tape, right?” Stan feels his cheeks catch fire, and he drops his face down to hide it, going limp in Richie’s arms. Richie readjusts his arms back into the locked position, and the conversations continue. Stan tries his best to dissolve into the Earth, away from this weird hug and from fucking Richie Tozier.

***

“I-i thin-think he’s juh-just--just trying to flir-flirt in his own weird way.” Bill pats him on the shoulder comfortingly. Stanley groans into his hands.

“ This isn’t flirting! This is some weird fucked up torture!” He flops back onto Bill’s bed, head hitting Bev’s shins. Beverly hums, patting Stan’s cheek. “At least he’s showing some sort of interest?” She attempts, holding back a laugh.

Stanley looks at her in fear, eyes shining. “What if this is some dumb joke? What if something happens and he’s all ‘ha ha no homo, bro’?!”

“Richie isn’t th-that much--isn’t that m-much of a d-d-dick. Tru-trust me.”

***

trash boy king: and did you SEE his blush billabong!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

billiam: yeah we all did rich

trash boy king: I DID THAT!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

billiam: in the most cruel way possible

trash boy king: alls fair in love and war ;))

billiam: youre killing him slowly yknow

trash boy king: mayb he finds that attractive william

***

“Hey, wait up!” Stan turns to see Richie sprinting towards him on the park grass, wearing at least two sweaters and a scarf. Probably Eddie’s doing; the cold that suddenly hit had frightened him enough to lecture the other losers on what illnesses could be caught in cold weather.

“Richie, it’s not that cold. I’m only wearing one jacket and I’m fine.” Richie grabs one of Stan’s hands, sending a shock through his body. “ Your hands say otherwise!,” chirps Richie, rubbing Stan’s hand. “ It’s like you’re dead on the outside and the inside!” He grabs the other hand and pulls Stan to a stop, bringing both hands to his mouth.

Stan freaks out, just a little. “ Ew, Richie.” He tries to pull his hands away, but Richie holds fast. “You’re getting your gross breath all over me.”

Richie grins wickedly and pretends to lick Stan’s hand, and Stan half shrieks, half yelps. Stanley tries to pull away again in vain.

“I hate you.”

***

stan: i cant Do this hes Too

stan: Richie.

micycle: you got urself into this

stan: i like him a lot

micycle: i know

stan: i think i love him

micycle: i know

micycle: but why

***

trash boy king: im doing so well with this romance thing

benny boy: trust me you're not

benny boy: i swear you're stealing all of this from the manga section at tthe public library

trash boy king: ;)))

***

Stan replays everything in his mind. Over and over again, like a tape stuck on loop. What the fuck.

Dumb Richie Tozier, and his stupid jokes, and his dumb caring heart. What the fuck.

He can't do this. He can't just sit around. If Richie insists on dragging this out, he's gonna put a stop to that little shit.

"--just remember, you can move at your own pace, Stan. It doesn't have to be--"

" Right now." He stands up from Bev's couch. Beverly starts, dropping the nail polish on her carpet. Gross.

" What the fuck? No!" He's already walking, confident strides. He's going to profess his feelings to that *motherfucker*. He's done waiting. He's ready." Stan, you idiot, wait!"

He closes the door behind him.

***

He stands on Richie's porch, and greets him with a sharp, "Drive."

When they get to the top of some hill, Richie turns to him. " Okay,

who the fuck was chasing you?! What the hell?!" And suddenly, all his resolve flies out the fucking window. What the fuck was he thinking? Richie frowns at him from the driver's seat, and Stan stares down at his hands, now band aid free.

Just talk. Say something.

He coughs into his fist. " I-I love you?" FUCK. "No! I mean- do, but- wait I don't--" Familiar, grabbing for words. Richie is quiet. Deja vu.

Richie's hands reach out, and but they don't grab his hands. They slap against his face, and he looks up sharply. Richie is smiling wide. He pulls Stan closer, and pecks the top of his nose. " Stan, you sappy motherfucker." Stan feels his cheeks warm, and something clicks a little.

Stan kisses his grinning mouth, pushing Richie's hands away from his face. He might be laughing into the kiss, and Richie is giggling, and their hands meet in the middle, fingers locking.

There is no talking, and they hold hands.

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micycle: so you made out in a CAR

stan: maybe i Find that attractive Mike

Author's Note:

> i can't write for shit!! come yell at me @baomien on tumblr